

# THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. III.

{ GEORGE WING, Bangor, Me.,  
HENRY W. STILE, Hartford, Ct. } Editors.

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NO. 5.

## The Gallaudet Guide, AND DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

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Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in particular, but designed to contribute to the information of all.  
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No Sect in Heaven.

FROM AN ENGLISH POEM.

Talking of sects till late one eve,  
Of the various doctrines the estate believe,  
That right is found in a twofold dream,  
By the side of a daily flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came:  
When I heard a strange voice call his name:  
"Good father, stay; when you cross this tide,  
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,  
And his long gown floated out behind,  
As down to the stream his way he took,  
His pale hair clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven, and when I'm there,  
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer,  
And though I put on a starry crown,  
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,  
But his gown was heavy, and held him back,  
And the poor old father tried in vain,  
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,  
But his gown floated on the tide;  
And no one asked in that blissful spot,  
Whether he belonged to "the Church" or not.

Then down to the river Quaker strayed,  
His dress of a sober hue was made;  
"My coat and hat must be all of gray,  
I cannot go any other way."

And he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,  
And solemnly, solemnly, he went,  
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight  
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat,  
A moment he silently sighed over that;  
And then, as he gazed on the farther shore,  
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven, his suit of gray  
Went quietly sailing away—away,  
And none of the angels questioned him  
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of Psalms  
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,  
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,  
That the people in heaven, "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,  
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,  
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,  
The Psalms and Hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,  
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness,  
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?  
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,  
Away they went down the swollen tide,  
And the saint astonished, passed through alone,  
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then gravely walking, two saints by name,  
Down to the stream together came,  
But as they stopped at the river's brink,  
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged may I ask you, friend,  
Have you attained to life's great end?"  
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow,"  
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now."

And I really think it will hardly do,  
As I'm "close communion," to cross with you;  
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,  
But you must go that way, and I'll go this.

Then straightway plunging with all his might,  
Away to the left—his friend at the right,  
Apart they went from this world of sin,  
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,  
A Presbyterian church went down,  
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,  
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree,  
That of for the new way, which it could be,  
Nor ever a moment paused to think  
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring long and loud  
Came ever up from the moving crowd,  
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,  
That is the false and this is the true."

Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,  
That is the false, and this is the true."

But the brethren only seemed to speak,  
Mostly the sisters walked, and meek,  
And if ever one of them chanced to say  
What troubles see met with on the way,

How she longed to pass to the other side,  
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,  
A voice arose from the brethren then:  
"Let go one speak but the 'holy men!'"

For have ye not heard the words of Paul,  
"Oh, let the women keep silence all?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,  
Till they stood by the borders of the stream,  
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,  
But all the brethren were talking yet,

And would talk on, till the heaving tide  
Carried them over, side by side,  
Side by side, for the way was one,  
The solemn journey of life was done,

And all who in Christ the Saviour died,  
Came out alike on the other side.  
No forms, or creeds, or books had they,  
No goods of silk, or anits of gray,  
No garments to guide them, or MSS.,  
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

Clippings.

Doubt him who swears to the truth of a thing.

"If all the riches of the Indies," said the elegant and amiable Fenelon, "if the crowns of all the Kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet in exchange for my love of reading, I would spare them all." How many of us can say the same?

Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and shy. If we try to grasp it, it still eludes our grasp, and still glitters. We perhaps seize it at last only to find too late that it is rank poison.

Why is a minister like a locomotive? Because we have to "look out for him when the bell rings."

The greater part of men live by faith in powerful men. A small number of individuals lead the whole human race.—*Frost.*

You need not tell all the truth, unless it be to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth.

A Chinese maxim says "We require four things of woman; that virtue dwell in her heart—that modesty play on her brow—that sweetness flow from her lips—that industry occupy her hands."

To try whether your conversation would be acceptable to persons of sense, imagine it written out, or printed, and consider how it would read; whether it would appear natural, improving, and entertaining, or affected, unmeaning, and mischievous.

The lays of a nightingale may be delightful to a well-fed man, but the "lays" of a hen are better liked by a hungry one.

Scandal, like the Nile, is fed by innumerable streams; but it is extremely difficult to trace it to its source.

There are three kinds of men in this world—the "Wills," the "Wonts," and the "Cants." The former effect every thing, the second oppose everything, and the latter fail in everything.

A noted philosopher being asked by a friend how he kept himself from becoming involved in quarrels, replied, "By letting the angry person have it all to himself."

The secret of one's success or failure in nearly every enterprise, is usually to be found in the answer to the question: how earnest was he?

"The man," said Daniel Webster, "who can summon up his faculties at will, and direct their force steadily and patiently to any subject he may choose, is a well educated man. No other deserves the name."

Very touching and beautiful were the words of the old schoolmaster, as life passed away: "It is growing dark—the school may be dismissed." Down to the very gates of the unseen world, he carried his love and regard for the children whom he had trained.

The Drummer-Boy of Marblehead.

BY ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS.

The whole city was wild with triumph at the victories of Fort Donelson and Roanoke. Cheer after cheer went up from the Exchange, and people were almost momentarily jostling each other in the thronged streets, and instead of begging pardon would burst into a shout for the old flag. Woman that I am, as I hurried home in the twilight of that glorious day I had to hold my muff close to my mouth to prevent my voice from swelling the great thanksgiving. Turning the corner of my own street, I was astonished to see that my parlor was brilliantly lighted, and through the thin curtains I likewise saw figures moving rapidly. I ran up the steps, and soon discovered the reason, for as I opened the door all my own children and several of my neighbors rushed with a great sweep into the hall, and for a moment I was nearly stunned with their cheers for the Fort, the soldiers, the Stars and Stripes, etc. At last, at the volley for the gunboats, they stopped from sheer exhaustion, and I asked very meekly, "What in the world are you down in the parlors for?"

"Well, mother," gasped Will, "we wanted to play we were gun-boats, and the nursery wasn't big enough. See me now; I am going to run up within four hundred yards of the guns of the Fort," and with a yell like a young Indian's, he brandished a cane and made a charge at a book-case, coming within an inch of smashing my Dante and Beatrice. I winced, but did not scold them, only enticed them into the less crowded dining-room, where we played gun-boats and cheered until their father, coming home to tea, rather shocked us by saying gravely that he thought he should have to send us all to the watch-house. Many incidents of the battles he told the eager children as we took our tea, and just before their bed-time, as they stood around him for the customary story, he told them the one I shall try to tell you.

"You all know," said their father, "how last April the Massachusetts troops were attacked and murdered in the streets of Baltimore, and how the whole heart of New England thrilled to avenge their death. There was a young boy of Marblehead, only fifteen years old, Albert Mansur by name, who came from school on that day wild with indignation, and told his mother that he was going to the war; he couldn't stay at home. 'Why, Albert,' laughed his happy mother, 'they won't have you; you are too little, my boy.' 'I can drum, can't I, mother? I guess those old rebels will run when they hear me play the Star-Spangled Banner,' and out he went, and his mother heard him playing the smart old tune as he marched down the street at the head of a tatterdemalion set of urchins, called by him his regiment. He had a gift for drumming, and thinking of his words that mother's heart stood still with fear. He was her only child, her handsome boy; how could she let him go? But she scolded herself for even thinking of it. Of course his father would keep him at home. At dinner-time Albert attacked his father on the subject, but his father peremptorily answered 'no,' and told him there must be no more talk on the matter. Usually his father's decision settled things, but this time Albert argued manfully. He could do just as good service as anybody; he ought to go; he must go. But Mr. Mansur was firm, and he had to yield, although the struggle was so severe that he grew pale and thin. At last, to divert his attention, they sent him to his grandfather's in Augusta, and fervently hoped he would forget his fancy. But when he arrived there he found a regiment all ready to go into camp a short way from the city. He accompanied them as drummer. His father and mother, as the weeks went by, became impatient, and at last went for him. As they rode through the streets, almost the first person they saw was Albert, marching in a fine new uniform, with this same company, who were on their way to the station. He had kept his promise to them, that is, he had not enlisted, but they felt from that day that they must let him go. He went home

with them, and after a few weeks they gave him up, and he enlisted in the Mass. 23rd, Col. Kurtz, as drummer for one of the companies, being the youngest in the regiment. Dear little ones, I can never tell you how his mother felt, how his father in his bitter grief prayed, how many hot tears stained the few articles he could carry, and then almost as sorrowfully as to his burial, they went to see him start. That day the poor parents talked long together then the father went out, and while he was gone the pale mother knelt with her face hidden, asking for strength and patience. When he came in, Albert knew that he should not go alone; his father had enlisted as private in the same company, so as to take care of that idolized boy. They sailed in the Burnside expedition, and on all that long, dreary passage, Albert was the light and joy of his regiment, indeed of all the regiments on the vessel. So full of hope and enthusiasm was he, that his father wrote his mother, 'all the petting he got did not seem to hurt him a bit.' Officers and men delighted to do him favors, and his prompt, sane drumming won praise from the gallant commander himself.

"When the hazardous work of landing began, Albert managed to be in one of the first boats, and was consequently among the first to stand on the enemy's island of Roanoke—theirs then, ours now, thanks be to God. In that march through slime and water, he did his part well, not allowing his father to touch his cherished drum for an instant. At last they came in sight of the enemy's battery; 'Who will go and take it?' asked the general commanding. 'The Mass. 23d,' was the quick reply. 'Forward, then, double quick!' and in the teeth of that galling fire they rushed to their death as it had been to their bridal. Albert slung his drum over his shoulder, and seizing a rifle from a wounded man near, dealt true shots for his country. His father fell wounded by his side, but he heeded him not, his whole soul had lost itself in the work before him. 'Look at the child,' said one officer to another; 'no wonder we conquer when boys fight so.' At last the position was ours; the rebel gunners turned and fled, and for an instant the roar of the battle ceased. So intent was Albert that he never stopped, and was laughing again, when the Colonel touched his shoulder. 'Wait, rest a minute, my young hero—don't you see they're running?' 'Oh, giddy halloo! halloo!' sang out the excited boy; 'didn't I say they should run to the old tunes? and seizing a disabled revolver for a drum-stick he struck up, in a wondrously defiant way, our impudent old strain Yankee Doodle. It was a strange sound as it rang out over that field of death, and faint and weary as our brave fellows were, they gave it a rousing welcome. A flying rebel heard it, and looking back, took sure aim at Albert. A man near the boy saw him, and tried to pull Albert down; but he stood his ground, and the ball did not fail to do its deadly work."

"Oh, father!" burst from the tearful children; "not killed, was he?"

"They thought him only stunned at first, and tore him out of the crowd; they bathed his brow; and you will love his knightly Colonel none the less when I tell you that his strong arms held the dying boy. His pale lips moved at last, and they bent eagerly to hear his words. Some inquiry for his missing father, some last precious words for his lonely mother? No; only this, boylike, 'Which beat, quick, tell me?' Tears ran like rain down the blackened faces, and one in a voice husky with sobs said, 'We, Albert, the field is ours.' The ears death had already deadened caught no sound, and his slight hand fluttered impatiently as again he gasped, 'What, tell quick?' 'We beat 'em intirely, me boy,' said a big Irish sergeant, who was crying like a baby. He heard, then, and his voice was as strong and bright as ever as he answered, 'Why don't you go after 'em? Don't mind me, I'll catch up—I'm a little cold, but running will warm me.' He never spoken again, the coldness of death stiffened his limbs, and so he passed from the victory of earth to the God who gave us the victory. They laid him down tenderly, with his head resting on a

smooth green sod, and as his wounded father crawled up to see him, they feared a wild scene of lamentation, but he only said, 'He would rather die than us have beaten.' He was urged to go home with Albert to his mother, but he would not, only saying to their solicitations, 'Albert would be ashamed if I did, and I will fight for him as long as the war lasts.'

The children did not play gun-boat any more, but went quietly up to bed, and when Nellie said her prayers, she added, in simple childish words, 'I hope that "God would make Albert's mother willing he should be dead and that God would tell her how Nellie loved her," and here the tender little heart broke down—but Will said, "God knew just as well as if she said it all," and I think He did.

For the Guide.

SPECIMENS OF KENTUCKY SOLDIERS.—Much has been and may be said of the bad discipline of raw Kentucky volunteers, but nothing surely can be said against their coolness and bravery. When Zollicoffer led his horde into the State the second time, and crossed the Cumberland at Fishing Creek, there was nobody to dispute his passage of the Cumberland, save a small regiment of new recruits under Col. Hoskins. On the day before Zollicoffer was expected to reach the river, an Ohio regiment arrived to the assistance of Hoskins; also Gen. Schoepf. The Gen. set the Kentucky boys to work digging rifle-pits very vigorously. Now and then he would call out to them as he rode along observing the work, "Hurry up, boys, hurry up; he's coming to-morrow." But the "Kaintuck backwoodsmen" seemed not to be in any unusual trepidation at the near prospect of a battle. One party set to work in the brush scared up a rabbit, and away went the whole posse of them after it, whooping and yelling, as though they had never heard of Zollicoffer or the war. Another squad as soon as the officer had given them work and gone, left their picks and pits, and were found in a little while, astraddle of big logs very leisurely engaged cracking walnuts. It is of such material as this that many of our Kentucky regiments are made. Though but little better qualified to resist a charge of cavalry than a gang of school-boys with corn-stalks, yet when the hour of battle comes, they show themselves to be of the true blue, and the deadly work of their rifles shows their good marksmanship, whether in rifle-pits, or out of them, whether drawn up in line of battle, or bnsh-whacking like Indians.

C.

Eloquence of Motion.

Every one has read of the "action, action, action" of Demosthenes, and what a variety of emotions and passions Roscius\* could express by mere gestures; let it not be supposed, however, that such perfections of art belonged to the ancients only.

Some years ago, among a thousand others, I had the pleasure of listening to one of the splendid speeches of the eloquent Wm. O. Preston. Beside me was a man as deaf as a post, in breathless attention, catching apparently every word that fell from the orator's lips. Now the tears of delight would roll down his cheeks; and now, in an unmovable ecstasy, he would shout out applause which might have been mistaken for the noise of a small thunder-storm. At length Mr. Preston launched out one of those passages of massive declamation, which those who have heard him know him to have been capable of uttering. In magnificent splendor it was what Byron has described the mountains of Jura to be. Its efforts upon the multitude was like a whirlwind. Our deaf friend could contain himself no longer; but screaming into my ear, as if he would blow it open with a tempest, he cried out,—"Who's that speaking?"

"William O. Preston" replied I, as loud as my lungs would let me.

"Who's it?" inquired he still louder than before.

"William O. Preston of South Carolina!" replied I, almost splitting my throat in the effort.

"Well, well," returned he, "I can't hear a word he or you are saying; but oh! don't he do the motions splendidly?"

\* Quintus Roscius was a celebrated Roman orator and friend of Cicero. They often used to try which of them could express a thought with the greatest effect—the elder by his eloquence or the former by his gestures. What a splendid teacher of deaf mutes this Roscius would have made!—without uttering a word, he rivalled the eloquence of Cicero!

Franklin's Toast.

Long after Washington's judicious and intrepid conduct in respect to the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin chanced to dine with the English and French Embassadors, when the following toasts were drank.

The British Ambassador, rising, said: "England,—the sun whose bright beams enlighten and fertilize the remotest corners of the Earth."

The French Ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, drank: "France,—the moon whose mild steady and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness, and making their dreaminess beautiful."

Dr. Franklin then arose, and, with his usual dignified simplicity, said: "George Washington—the Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

A DEAF AND DUMB SOLDIER.—Most of our citizens will recollect John Donovan—a deaf mute who "gave an oration" at the Park one Fourth of July some years since, in the sign language, with which he played the devil, and whose quick wit in the impersonation of the manners of well known citizens, has often since amused many a laughing group. Donovan was a journeyman tailor for a long while in this town, and afterwards for a short time at Springfield, where he enlisted into the Springfield City Guard, (Company E, Capt. Lombard, 10th Regiment Mass Volunteers) His infirmity of course precludes him from performing the ordinary duties of a soldier, and, being employed as the regimental tailor, he has many leisure moments, which he has improved by the practice of a natural gift for drawing. In this art he is a self-taught man, and the proficiency he has attained is truly astonishing. An accurate draft of Camp Brightwood, made by him, has been lithographed. A specimen of his skill in drawing in a picture of the old Elm on the Park, may be seen at the office of the United States Hotel. He is spoken of in the highest terms of praise by the officers of his regiment, and notwithstanding his infirmity, is fully equal, mentally and bodily, to the rank and file of the grand army.—*Berkshire County (Mass.) Eagle, Mar. 6th.*

CHURCH FOR DEAF-MUTES.—The religious improvement of "the children of silence" is to be provided for in the (Episcopal) Free Church of St. Chrysostom, Philadelphia. The service, translated into the sign language, as now performed in St. Ann's Church, New York, is to be used. The Rector of St. Ann's Rev. Mr. Gallaudet, has held several services in Philadelphia, which have been attended by about seventy deaf-mutes. It is now proposed to hold stated services in St. Chrysostom's, on the third Sunday of every month, in the sign language, the Rev. Mr. Gallaudet officiating.—*The Calendar, Hartford, Mar. 8th.*

SHOCKING DEATH IN A DISTILLERY.—Coroner Hegeman held an inquest, yesterday, upon the body of a deaf and dumb man, named Timothy Dwyer, residing at No. 22 Columbia street. It appears that on Saturday last he called at the distillery of Schenck & Rutherford, at the foot of Joralemon street, for the purpose of procuring some swill. He went into the large vat and was filling his buckets, when, no one being aware of his presence, the man in charge got on a full force of hot swill. A dense body of steam prevented him from making his way out, and he fell down, exhausted. By this time he was discovered, and drawn out with a good deal of difficulty. He was scalded from head to foot, but was enabled to walk home, with aid. He lingered until Sunday afternoon when he died. The deceased was 26 years of age. A verdict of death in consequence of scalds accidentally received was rendered by the jury.—*New York Tribune, April 1st.*

A HOUSE BURIED IN THE SNOW.—In the town of Mexico, Maine, a house was entirely buried in the snow one day last winter. The family tried to escape by tearing off boards from the gable end, but found it impossible. The neighbors assembled and rescued them by digging a tunnel forty feet long through the snow. The chimney was entirely filled with snow so that no fire could be made, and the family suffered much from cold before the neighbors rescued them.

Nearly all the railroads in the state were impassable for a whole week; the snow being from ten to fifteen feet deep on the tracks.



## The Gallaudet Guide

## DEAF MUTES' COMPANION.

HARTFORD, CONN., MAY, 1862.

Good friends, please write more briefly and oftener. We have been compelled to reject or return to their authors for abridgement, a number of excellent articles. We have no space for lengthy essays, nor have we inclination to publish them. Very few of our readers care to wade through prosy, learned articles. Send us something interesting to all our readers. Take hold and help us make the *Guide* a readable paper. If you write learned disquisitions at all, let them have for their subjects matters of vital importance to the deaf and dumb; and write them in simple, concise language. When you write on other subjects, aim rather to instruct and entertain than to strike with admiration for your skill at literary carpentry. If it be necessary to extend your article to considerable length, then, if possible, divide it under separate heads in a similar manner to one in this number, on "Study." The author of a production that could well grace the pages of *The North American Review* need not be surprised if he finds his labor thrown away, for we have to please our readers even at the cost of displeasing our correspondents.

Philip treats an inexhaustible subject; and of course the above does not apply to him. Every one would be disappointed to see "Belligerent Notes" in any way abridged, for every paragraph contains something new and of absorbing interest; and during the advance of the Union armies, when the news of victory upon victory is crowding in upon us, we would not grudge him our whole issue.

## Salaries of Mute vs. Speaking Teachers.

PROBABLY no subject having reference to the deaf and dumb has been so frequently and ably discussed as that of salaries of teachers. The most able writer on the side of "equal salaries"—known to the readers of the *Guide* as *Raphael Palette*—contributes an article on the subject to this number. He occupies the whole ground, and argues from facts and general principles, rather than intrenches himself with logic on some impregnable yet immaterial point. He makes no direct attack upon the Manassas of the Professor's hypothesis, but seeks by a flank movement to compel him to evacuate it.

The discussion, as far as it has gone, has been conducted with much ability on both sides. As a discussion it is very interesting; and we do not know but that it may be carried on still further, although it seems to us that every argument has been exhausted. But we hope that writers on the subject will favor us only with short, concisely written articles, and that they will abstain from remarks personal or otherwise offensive in their nature.

The errors of this sort into which we ourselves have fallen give us good reason for saying that such remarks do injury both to the writer, and to the paper in which they are published.

We have very little acquaintance with the bearings of the subject under discussion. And the direction which the discussion has lately taken, surprises us so much that we confess we are getting deeper and deeper into the woods. *Raphael Palette* boldly asserts that the real object of the Directors in employing deaf-mutes at all, is cheapness; while "the Professor" seems to tacitly admit as much, although he does not commit himself to this view or the opposite. And yet there is scarcely an Institution in the country where there is not a distinction made between married and unmarried teachers in fixing their salaries. The simple fact that a teacher is married cannot make his services more difficult to secure, or the nature upon them less certain when secured than those of an unmarried man; and if it be true—we cannot believe it is—that the Directors have a single eye to cheapness, the efficiency of the teacher and the highest success of the Institution being secondary considerations, there must be inconsistency here.

*Raphael Palette* reflects rather severely upon the Directors of the New York Institution, on account of a "new law" recently made by them. We have no further information on the subject than that contained in his article; but we should judge that the Directors, in enforcing this law, are moved by a desire to benefit the graduates of the Institution, as well as present pupils. Dr. Peet is fully competent to decide whether this rotation will prove injurious to the inmates of the Institution. Having, as it seems, come to the conclusion that inexperience does not materially affect the efficiency of a mute teacher, he has—assuming that his conclusion is correct—acted very wisely. By selecting one or more teachers yearly from among the graduates of the High Class, he confers a great benefit upon them, and holds out to his pupils, from highest to lowest, a strong incentive to studiousness and good conduct.

[The following comes to us unaccompanied by the writer's name; but for special reasons we conclude to infringe upon our rule of not admitting anonymous communications.—Ed.]

A minister, appointed chaplain in an Ohio regiment, wrote the following note to a brother preacher:—"Dear brother, if you can get a commission as chaplain it will pay you fifty a month and a living beside. The cause of Christ needs you in his army."

Please insert the above in the next edition of the *GALLAUDET GUIDE*.  
Yours truly, COVET.

## Our Letter Bag.

The following is one of many:

March 12, 1862.

MESSES. EDITORS:—Enclosed, please find a few verses—a small offering to the columns of the *Guide*. If you consider them worthy a place therein, permit me to wish ample success to your excellent undertaking. I can witness that, in at least one family, it is a most welcome visitor. My sister being herself a mute, feels an intense interest in all measures that relate to their happiness; and we for her sake and their own, heartily respond to this interest.

With much respect, &amp;c.

A. P. W.

G. W. H.—Thanks for your ready compliance with our request, but now that the facts of the case are before us, we doubt whether it would be well to give them to the public through the columns of the *Guide*. We and the mass of our readers, are too far off to be in a position to judge impartially; and, at any rate, your cause would be best subserved by the publication of your statement, duly attested by suitable persons, in your own local papers.

SARAH.—Next month. It came too late for the present number.

We are under obligations to Rev. Jas. C. Cochran, Secretary of the Board of Directors, for a copy of the Fourth Annual Report of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Halifax, Nova Scotia, for 1861; from which we glean the following items.

The number of pupils has increased during the year from 33 to 45; they are divided into four classes, which are under the instruction of the Principal, Mr. J. S. Hutton, assisted by his father, Geo. Hutton, Esq., (who voluntarily came out from Scotland two years ago, and has ever since continued his valuable services, with no other recompense than the satisfaction of benefiting a class whose welfare he has always had most deeply at heart), and Mr. Williams Gray. In connection with the list of classes, an interesting tabular statement of their studies, and the order in which they have been pursued, is given. The receipts during 1861 were \$5,424.27, and the expenses \$4,922.82; leaving a balance at the commencement of the current year, of \$501.45, which has, however, been since expended. Five weeks of the last summer vacation were spent by principal Hutton in making, in company with four of the pupils, a tour through Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island, with the view of reviving or awakening an interest in the Institution, and making its advantages and claims more widely known. Notwithstanding the depression of the times they were enabled, through the generous consideration of railway-managers and others, to realize the sum of \$261, their whole expenses amounting to only about \$80. Besides the pecuniary advantages of this tour, it is hoped that by it more attention will be called to the claims of the 600 uneducated deaf-mutes reported by the last census as residing in those three Provinces.

An interesting Narrative of this trip, from the pen of one of the pupils who made it, Thomas Murphy by name, appears among the usual "Specimens of Original Compositions," and really does much credit to the writer and his instructors.

## Personal.

We are happy to welcome back to our city Mrs. T. H. Gallaudet, now the Matron of the Columbian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind, and to learn that our city is to be honored with her residence for some months to come.

The many friends of Geo. Homer, Esq., of Boston, will be happy to hear that the action of Collector Goodrich in removing him from a place he had so faithfully and creditably filled for twenty-five years, has not occasioned him any serious inconvenience; but that he almost immediately afterwards obtained a place in the Post Office in that city, which we hope he will never have to leave, unless for a better one.

The most magnificent wedding in the history of Milwaukee took place last Christmas evening. The happy couple who were the cause of this brilliant affair, were the Rev. C. D. Helmer, the accomplished pastor of Plymouth Church, and Miss Susie Bonnell, only child of James Bonnell, Esq., one of the richest men in the State.

W. W. Farnum Esq., of the *Tri-States Union*, to whom we are indebted for a copy of the *Daily Wisconsin* containing an account of the ceremony, says of Mr. Helmer:

"Soon after Mr. Helmer had graduated at Yale College, he came to the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where he was employed as a teacher for about three years; meanwhile pursuing his studies for the ministry. He then resigned his place and accepted a call from a church in Milwaukee. He was a very fine teacher and was highly esteemed. He has been very successful in his chosen calling, and is much beloved by his people. Mrs. Helmer is a lovely and accomplished lady, of sweet disposition and engaging manners."

## Brief Mention.

—We would express our thanks to G. W. Hollingsworth, Esq., of Philadelphia, for a copy of the Constitution, By-Laws, and Rules and Regulations of the "Coates Lyceum," a literary association of mutes living in that city, of which he is the President. The Lyceum does not, we are sorry to say, meet at present, principally on account of the war. Interesting accounts of it were published in the *Guide* for March and April, 1860.

—The Athenaeum of the American Asylum, a literary society lately organized by some of the older pupils of the Asylum and other mutes resident in Hartford, is in the full tide of prosperity. Its meetings, which are held on Friday evenings, in its room in the east wing of the Asylum, are always fully attended, and its exercises—literary and other—are replete with interest. At its last meeting, on April 25th, the following officers were elected:

President, DeWITT TORSLEY, vice H. N. S. Syle.

Secretary, A. G. DRAPER, vice H. B. SCAMMELL.

Librarian, J. B. HOTCHKISS, vice A. G. DRAPER.

The Athenaeum then adjourned for three weeks, to accommodate members who expect to be absent during the approaching spring recess of the Asylum.

—The present officers of "The Deaf-Mute Society of the Kentucky Institution," a full and interesting account of which may be found in another column, are:

President, J. T. HOAGLAND.

Vice President, W. M. REED.

Secretary, G. A. GATLIFFE.

The Society are making arrangements for celebrating the 4th of July in grand style; in preparation for which, four speakers have already been elected to deliver addresses.

—The military company the boys of the Hartford Asylum got up last year, under the name of "Dean's Zouaves," and which attracted so much attention at the time by the perfection of its drill, has just been disbanded, on account of the insurmountable difficulties in the way of procuring suitable uniforms. There is, however, at the Ohio Institution, a similar company of about 20 boys, who drill with old U. S. muskets procured from the State Arsenal at Columbus.

—Mrs. H. B. Stowe has just brought to a conclusion the story she has been writing in the *N. Y. Independent*, "The Pearl of Orr's Island." We do not know what new literary attraction is to take its place, but are sure *The Independent* will not lack interesting and valuable matter under its present editor, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, a sermon by whom is given in each number—a circumstance alone sufficient to induce many of our readers to subscribe for it.

—*Godey's Lady's Book* stands at the head of the class of magazines to which it belongs. We males do not, perhaps, appreciate it sufficiently; but the ladies fully make up for our deficiency, by the manner in which they bow to it as to a supreme authority in the laws of fashion.

—We have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that *Littell's Living Age* is by far the most valuable periodical published in the United States. If we were unable to take more than one literary paper, we would subscribe for the *Living Age*; and no one who desires to know what our friends across the Atlantic in "Mother England," are thinking and writing of, can do without it. It contains the best articles of some forty Reviews, Magazines and weekly papers; and is therefore far more valuable than any of the few Reviews reprinted in this country, which together cost some \$12, and give only a limited view of English periodical literature, while this, for only \$6, gives a full and comprehensive selection of the most valuable articles that appear from time to time, omitting all of a dull and local nature.

## In Memoriam.

An afflicted family have scarcely ceased to look toward heaven after one son and brother, when another is taken up, and a cloud has received him out of their sight. It is a sore bereavement, a dark Providence, one that tries the Christian's faith and gives bad men occasion to say "What is the Almighty, that we should serve Him? and what profit should we have if we pray unto Him?"

In the present affliction, however, God has given every amelioration possible, to the survivors of a young, affectionate and talented relative and friend, in the beauty of his short life and the glory of his death. If it is true that "he liveth long who liveth well," the deceased, aged 31 counting by our years, had according to God's calendar reached the full time allotted to man.

Prof. Dudley Peet, M. D., was born on the 9th of July, 1830, at Hartford, where his father was at that time connected with the American Asylum. When he was but a few months old his family removed to New York, Dr. Peet having been called to the Principalship of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb situated in that city. In 1848 he entered Yale College, whence he graduated with his class four years later. His natural taste

for the physical sciences led him to the study of Medicine. He was in the office of Dr. Joseph M. Smith while pursuing his course in the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, from which institution he received his Diploma in 1856. He afterwards opened an office in that city, in connection with the North-Western Dispensary.

In 1857, he married, and immediately thereafter removed to Burlington, Iowa, where he practised his profession for nearly two years, taking a leading position among the physicians of that place. In the fall of 1858, his services being desired in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, he returned from the West and entered upon a work for which he was wonderfully fitted both by nature and education. Brought up among mutes and learning the sign-language long before he could speak, he probably understood the modes of thought and operations of the deaf-mute mind as well as any man living.

His attainments and accomplishments were varied and great. He had an ardent love for the exact sciences, coupled with a poetical temperament and critical taste united in a rare manner. He possessed a lively imagination, an inventive genius, and acute analytic powers, which in a man less modest and reticent would have made him conspicuous. A number of songs and literary fragments of a high order of merit, a valuable course of lectures on Chemistry, and an unfinished monogram on the Infinitive mode, only add to our regret for his untimely death.

It was very evident to his friends for weeks before his departure, that grace was doing its perfect work in his heart, and that the grave would be to him but

"A covered bridge leading from light to light through a brief darkness."

Drawing near his end, like the gentle mozier, the mother of St. Augustine, he sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven, and his soul saw glimpses of happiness through the chinks of his sickness-broken body; and when the final summons came, it was whispered so low and obeyed so quietly that we were not aware of it till he was far on his journey. So died, on the 18th of April, Dudley Peet. A warm friend, an affectionate relative, a good citizen and a true Christian, he has left a void in the hearts of those who knew him, and in the ranks of deaf-mute instructors, which it will be difficult to fill.

At a meeting of Instructors of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, held at Fanwood April 23rd, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That a dark Providence which we vainly strive to fathom, has again entered our already stricken number, and removed from his earthly labors another most efficient teacher, to whom we were united not only by a kindred pursuit, but by the tenderest ties of personal friendship and affection; therefore

Resolved, That by the untimely death of Professor Dudley Peet, M. D., the cause of deaf-mute instruction has suffered a loss difficult to estimate or make good; science and literature have been deprived of an ardent lover, and the world of a bright example of Christianity pure and undiluted.

Resolved, That while we submit humbly to the Decree which doth all things well, we feel acutely the death of our deceased associate and friend, and shall ever cherish a delightful recollection of all he was to us both in our professional and social relations.

Resolved, That to her thus early made acquainted with a "knowledge of suffering," and who, having been called to mourn so deeply, is entitled, according to divine promise, to heavenly comfort and consolation, we extend our heartfelt sympathy, praying that the widow's God may be hers, both in this life and the life to come.

Resolved, That to the afflicted relatives whom God must love much to chasten so often and so severely, we offer our warmest condolences, especially to the venerable father, and trust that as his earthly props are one by one taken away, he may settle more securely on the rock Christ, who has in part fulfilled His promise not to leave His own comfortless, in the sweet evidence, both of his life and death, that it is well with the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and also to the New York evening papers, the *New York Observer*, and *GALLAUDET GUIDE*, for publication.

W. W. MORRIS, Chairman.

WARRING OLKINS, Secretary.

One of the most valuable papers in New England is the *Gallaudet Guide*, a paper issued by deaf-mutes, and designed especially for that class of unfortunates. It is a paper of much ability, and well filled with interesting matter. One of its most interesting features is "Belligerent Notes" from Washington, signed, "Philip," and which, we understand, are written by no less a person than Henry Winter Davis. The April number also contains other excellent original articles, and a number of choice selected pieces. We trust that the paper will be well sustained, for it most certainly should succeed. Henry W. Syle is the editor in this city.—*Hartford Daily Post*, April 7th.

We are gratified to find such a favorable opinion is entertained of the *Guide*; but must correct an error into which our friend of the *Post* has fallen. "Belligerent Notes" come to us, not from Baltimore, the residence of the gentleman to whom he assigns their authorship, but actually as well as ostensibly from Washington, as is evident from the many local allusions they contain.

## Belligerent Notes.

A VISIT TO ALEXANDRIA.

WASHINGTON, April, 1862.

DEAR AUGUSTUS:—You have heard of Alexandria, doubtless. Let me see what your idea of it once was:—A fine old Virginia town, where F. F. V. s and patriarchal establishments flourished; another Arcadia where faith and obedience and unquestioning veneration on the part of the lowly in spirit and position, were met with open-handed generosity and condescending protection by their superiors. Of all places in the land of the South, you said, the divine institution was to be seen in the most attractive aspect, and chivalry and courtesy and gentle breeding were to be found as nowhere else, in Alexandria, under the shadow of Mount Vernon, and within sound of the church-bells of the city which bear Washington's name.

Well, Augustus, the other day I went to Alexandria. A long dusty ride in an omnibus takes my friend and myself to the wharf on the Potomac where the ferryboat plying between Washington and Alexandria is wont to receive or land her passengers. It has not yet arrived, and we while away half an hour in watching the growing crowd. There are the newboys, hot and dust-laden, panting from their race to the boat-landing, with their bundles of papers to sell at the camps over the river. Then there are soldiers returning from the enjoyment of a furlough, or from a stroll over the city—some of them, I am sorry to say, rather the worse for the liberty they have been allowed. Quartermasters, trying to look benevolent, as if they had ever endeavored to provide for the comfort of others, without a single eye to the interest of Number One; Sutlers, trying not to look sordid, as if their occupation was not at all unprofitable, liquor-selling and extortion being severely handled and therefore out of the question now-a-days, you know—both are here. Then there are others; some, on errands of mercy to the sick at the camps or hospitals; some, on visits to relatives or friends who can only be found and seen on the tented field; the rest, like myself I supposed, influenced by motives of curiosity merely.

At length the boat arrives. The motley crowd on board pour out; and, leaving them to the coaxing wiles and tender embraces of the hackmen, we pass in. Ascending to the upper deck, we watch the vessels around us, sloops, schooners, canalboats and tugs, disgoring their loads of hay, grain, flour and army stores. It is a busy scene and a suggestive one also.

The boat moves; with the fresh river breeze in our faces, we forget how a few moments before we were miserable with the sun's burning rays bearing down upon our devoted heads, and the thick dust (the deep mud of our winter cut and dried) choking our parched throats. On our right, like a dead serpent, stretched out at full length, is the Long Bridge. What an experience the crazy old structure must have had of late! Thousands of trampling footsteps; brave hearts beating with memories of loved ones far away in Northern homes, and with brave hopes and fierce resolves of what their owners were to do and to dare; gleaming bayonets, rattling artillery carriages, and prancing cavalry steeds, all these had passed over in masses and in numbers that the world has seldom seen in its history. Where are they now? Yorktown, the Rappahannock, and the hills of Shenandoah can tell. Where will they be in a year, or even a month—all these brave, strong men, all these noble, unselfish souls? The thought is a sad one,—but one inseparable from war. Our eyes follow the road leading from the bridge till it disappears within Ft. Ruyon on the hill above. Further on we see Ft. Albany and near by Ft. Richardson, the stars and stripes waving above, and the black war-dogs showing their teeth grimly beneath.

On the left the boat soon carries us past Greenleaf's point, where the well known Arsenal stands. We notice the appearance of life and battle it presents,—men are kept at work there night and day in these war-times. We cannot but admire how beautifully the grounds are kept in spite of all the hurry and labor. Batteries of light-artillery, of which there are said to be over two hundred pieces held in reserve in case of accident or disaster, and heavy cannon of all sizes, occasionally interspersed with an ugly mortar, poking saucily skyward on its iron carriage, are arranged on the lawn leading down to the river. Two or three vessels, one of which, we understand, is the war-steamer *Frederick*, lie at the wharf, doubtless priming for a shot at Rebeldom. It was on this vessel, if I mistake not, that the noble Captain Ward was killed by a minie-ball through the heart from a skulking foe on the Virginia shore. We should be grateful that Captain Ward was not the last of his kind—or our Navy would not have produced so glorious a record for the future historian of the present war to chronicle.

As we near Alexandria, we see great numbers of vessels at anchor off the city. We remember the stories of the great fleet that was silently gathered here after the raising of the Potomac blockade, and freighted with a cargo of fighting men and war-material, and despatched in the direction of Fortress Mon-

roe. Friends who had visited Alexandria. On our way to the wharf we pass the steamers Portsmouth and Knickerbocker and several others. But we hardly deign to give them a glance, because we must stare at the Constitution, whose ponderous hull, sharp bows and air-drawn outlines fascinate us. You who have seen the Great Eastern, may smile at our simple pleasure at the sight of a sea-boat of smaller and much less imposing dimensions,—but recollect, please, that your ship is a big failure, while mine is a perfect success. Who would not rather have a dashing Arab steed than a clumsy elephant, or the lively little Monitor than the awkward blundering Warrior? But the comparison is hardly just; for the Constitution combines remarkable size with lightness, grace and beauty in a high degree.

Descending to the wharf, we essay a stroll around the city. We take this street, steep as seems its ascent, and hot as is the sun above. Picking our way past oyster-men selling their bivalves at the water's edge; past dirty cake-women and dirtier candy-boys praising their wares, past the sentries who challenge every one in uniform, but of course ask nothing of civilians like us, we work our way towards the centre of the city. We see soldiers in any numbers, grogshops on every corner, where too many poor fellows must needs befall their senses and then be taken to the lock-up by the provost-guard. We see individuals, too, and a good many of them, whom we pronounce "contrabands" from the queer, semi-military garb they wear, and sometimes from the oddly-shaped bundles slung over their shoulders. But of civilians proper, male or female, old, middle-aged or young, we see very few indeed. All through the city, wherever we go, the front blinds of the houses are tightly closed. No curious or insolent glance from the invader profanes the sacred privacy of the Alexandrians. Like the snapping-turtle, after biting a file, the people retire within their shells and snarl away their time and spirits. I dare say there are loyal men and good and true women in the city of Alexandria, but as I see it, it seems the very quintessence of treason. Not a lady appears on the streets; not a man is to be seen but shows a bitter scowl on his face as he passes a patriot soldier. And yet it would be hard to discover why these people have so great a contempt and detestation for the Union soldiers. Wherein do they consider themselves aggrieved by the Northern troops? Not in their presence, which honors the miserable creatures more than they deserve. In what do they imagine themselves their superiors? Surely not in greatness of soul, intelligence, patriotism or good manners.

At one of the street corners stands the Marshall House. The Union flag floats over its roof. We look up, and try to imagine Ellsworth tearing down the emblem of treason and indignantly tramping the thing under his feet. Poor Ellsworth, that so young, gallant and noble a spirit should meet such a murderous end! We enter the house. A few soldiers lounge in the hall smoking and talking. It is our desire to see the spot where the young Zouave Colonel fell, and where his brave Corporal bycynoted his assassin to the floor. But no. A notice is posted over the door of the passage leading to the stair-case, "No Admittance."

A few moments more of sight-seeing in Alexandria perfectly satisfies us that we have spent as good a part of our earthly lives in the traitorous place as we can well afford to throw away. We turn homeward. We have seen a *subjugated* city, and found nothing in its condition that prevents us from feeling a desire that every village, town or city in the country, that has harbored treason as Alexandria has done, may meet a fate as grievous and repulsive.

PHILIP.

For the *Guide*.  
Deaf-mute Teachers' Salaries.

MR. EDITOR:—Resuming the consideration of the question of competency, I shall here quote the Professor's words:—"The Directors of most, if not all our American Institutions, in considering the first of the two questions which we mentioned at the outset, have decided that a corps of teachers composed exclusively of deaf-mutes could not achieve the highest success of the Institution. They have decided that the highest success required that a portion of the teachers should be speaking persons." If the Professor had employed this phrase, Advance the pupils to the highest possible degree in the English language instead of the phrase, Achieve the highest success of the Institution, the idea which seemed desirous to express might be more clearly understood. To achieve the highest success of the Institution it requires teachers both speaking and deaf-mute, of acknowledged competency, which is to say, skill, industry and judgment in the culture of mute pupils' minds. But as the Professor said that the mute teachers could not achieve the highest success, etc, and the speaking could, one might naturally infer that the mutes cannot teach as well as the speaking. I believe this is not what he meant, otherwise it would be grossly derogatory to the reputations of Messrs. Clerc, Spofford, Trist, Conklin and others, who, as I know, are equal in tact to the best speaking teachers.







## Letter from the Backwoods Excursionists.

Falls and Carries with euphonious names—Grand and beautiful scenery—Blueberries and Sunday School at Pemadumcook Lake—Perilous Yagging—Heavy Work at the West Branch Drive of Logs—A Bear—More Falls and Rips—Arrival at Nictator and the main Penobscot River—Rejecting—Conclusion.

WISN, Sept. 5, 1861.

## To the Editor of the Bangor Daily Times:

Having again reached the abodes of civilized humanity, our perils o'er, and our canoe—the gallant little Katalah—somewhat scarred but yet unswamped and ready for another similar trip, hauled up at the steamboat landing, with her little flag still flaunting gaily at her stern, I hasten to improve the few evening hours by giving you a concluding account of our voyage.

Below our Katalah camp, within a distance of ten miles, there are five falls in the river, around each of which we had to carry; the carries, however, were short, varying from one-eight to three-fourths of a mile. The names of the several falls are Abolackomego, Pockwockomus, Debskoneak, Passamagomcook and Ambajigus. For variety of scenery and magnificent views of the mountain, whose relative position changes, but whose distance does not seem to increase as we leave it, these few miles cannot be excelled. Between Pockwockomus and Debskoneak, and also below Debskoneak, the river widens out into a large lake or lagoon—after the manner of Tappan Zee on the Hudson—studded with islands of every variety of shape and size, so as to form a complete labyrinth of channels, among which we got so mixed up that we could hardly tell whether we were heading up or down the river, and out of which almost our only guide was the roar of the falls at either end. But one could not choose more beautiful spots to get lost in or to linger; the sail around and through them was to us one continued sensation of delight; and every few moments, as some new phase of beauty came into view, we would involuntarily rest our paddles that we might look around and enjoy the scene. The bright waters around us sparkling in the sun—the islands covered with evergreens—the wooded hills rising abruptly from the lake, their trees just beginning to be tinted with the hues of autumn, and, for a background, Katalah, the old monarch of the wilderness, rising majestically above all—form a picture upon which we gazed in silent admiration. We were reminded of the lines of Whittier, alluding to Ossawatimisi, the French revolutionist, who once visited this country and the banks of the *Mozierac*, but afterwards returned to France, where he lingered a long time in prison:

"And once more, by the grace of Him  
Of every good the Giver,  
We sing, beside its wooded rim,  
The praises of our river;  
Its plumes above, its waves below,  
The west wind down it blowing,  
As fair as when the young *Diabot*  
Beheld it seaward flowing;  
And bore its memory o'er the deep,  
To soothe a martyr's sadness,  
And fresco, in his troubled sleep,  
His prison walls with gladness."

So shall the memory of the loveliness we have beheld on the banks of our river cast its beams of quiet, charmed joy over the whole sea of our lives, whether troubled or peaceful, until our little barks reach the Paradisaical shores, and float on the bosom of the river, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God," and our eyes see, in the midst of the heavenly hills, "the King in His beauty."

From Ambajigus Falls, we immediately emerged into the long arm of Pemadumcook Lake, stopping Sabbath day on one of the islands in the lake, where we feasted on blueberries, besides holding—by the aid of a pocket Testament and a Sunday School song book—a miniature Sabbath School; though it was rather difficult to fill all the offices, with only two of us to constitute the school. On Pemadumcook we encountered the heaviest waves we have yet experienced: Chesuncook was not to be mentioned in comparison; and we have found since that we braved dangers greater than we realized at the time; for old hunters and boatmen rarely venture out in a birch on the large lakes, unless the water is reasonably smooth. But we rode safely through all by carefully keeping head or stern to the wind and thus avoiding the trough of the sea in all the crooks and turns we had to make while seeking for the outlet of this most intricate lake; and the sense of danger was lost in the exhilaration of sight and motion as we held our bow to the wind to meet some comber, whose crest, dashing upon Mac stationed in the bow would give him a glorious wetting, and both of us a glorious chance to bale out with our big sponge as soon as we got under the lee of some island.

From Pemadumcook we go into and thro' North Twin Lake, and at the outlet of this lake came most emphatically the *Hic labor, hoc opus est*, (which being interpreted means "the tug of war,") a tug, which, before this year, no tourist here ever endured, viz: to lug our boat and traps a distance of nearly two miles over the West Branch drive of logs, which, for want of sufficient inducement to drive further down river, is "hung up" at North Twin Dam. We first traverse the seemingly boundless area of floating logs to connect, and then returning to our canoe

sat down almost in despair at the prospect before us. But we had made it our maxim never to say die, and so the thing was accomplished; but it took a whole day, and during the operation, there were performed numerous feats of log-rolling extraordinary that would have astonished the lobby at Augusta, if not even that at Washington. We camped that night at a hut belonging to the Log-driving Co., at North Twin Dam. This dam is the greatest work of the kind on the river, and has near by a blacksmith's shop and other apparatus for making repairs though, of course, at this season, all is lonely and still as the grave.

Next below Twin Lake we come to Quakish Lake where we saw on one of the islands a large black bear, the only large animal we have happened to see on the route. He fled into the woods before we got ready to fire at him and we didn't think it safe or worth while to follow him up. From Quakish Lake we crossed via Fowler's Carry—two miles long—to Millinocket Stream, thus avoiding a long circuit in the river, in which Grand Falls and other bad falls are situated. Two miles from Fowler's farm, down the stream brought us to the river again at Sial Pond; from thence to Nictator—a distance of ten miles—there is decidedly the worst succession of rapids on the river. They are called Pond Falls, Ledge Falls, Burnt Land Rips and Rockeberry Rips. We ran the whole distance, rubbing the canoe sadly in many places, however; and we gave three cheers of triumph as with the wildest delight we rode through the last surging crests of Rockeberry, and all our considerable dangers past, greeted the East Branch, which, uniting with the West Branch at Nictator, forms the main Penobscot River. At Nictator, there is quite a little village, a saw mill and two stores. Thence, past Mattawamkeag Point to this place, the voyage was easy.

In conclusion, we would say, for one thing, that we have exploded the "guide" humbug to our own satisfaction. With common gumption, a little grit, and a good map of the country, which can easily be procured, a party can make the trip without paying from one to three dollars a day for a guide. That this delightful region, possessing all the beauties of Lake George, the Hudson Highlands, and—on a smaller scale—of Niagara itself, should be abandoned almost entirely to the lumberer and log driver, who see it only at the most uninviting seasons of the year, is really provoking. How much it is frequented may be inferred from the fact that we travelled two whole weeks without seeing a single human being. We hope that our experience may be the means of inducing a few others to try the same course with great advantage to themselves. Our canoe start tomorrow morning for home with Mac and MICHAEL, JR.

## Style—Impurity.

Among persons in this day who make any pretensions to literature, there is nothing cultivated more sedulously than style. And there never was an age in which there was a greater variety of styles, nor an age in which there were meaner styles, nor an age when it was harder for a young person to form an elegant style of writing, with all the elements for the formation of such a style strewn around him so profusely. As far as our researches in philology have extended, as pertaining to modern languages, there is no language that admits of greater elegance in writing, accompanied with perfect purity of style, than our own language—the English.

The effort in our day is to attain elegance, but with a very great disregard for purity, arguing apparently great poverty in our language. The contempt for purity among the writers of the present day is what we want to call attention to just now.

The time was when he was considered the best writer, who wrote in the purest style. But purity seems to be entirely abandoned as a rule by many, who yet affect elegance and elevation in their manner of writing, notwithstanding nothing injures a language more than sacrificing purity for minor beauties. One thing which mars the purity of style nowadays is the introduction of French expressions. And it is a thing we do abominate. We do not look over an article or through a book, all interlarded with French words and phrases, that we do not feel like pulling the ears of the author. The thing is affected, and ought to be discontinued. Now there are some words in French which express the shade of an idea more than any equivalent word in English, and their introduction into English books where there is a great deal of technical phraseology, may serve a good purpose. But the fashion of foisting in a word or two of French every time an opportunity is afforded, is silly, to say the least of it, and should not be tolerated.

It is stated by travellers in Russia, that in the families of the nobility, they have for the education of the children, an English maid, a French governess, and a German master. And that the children when they talk mix up several languages together, so that it is difficult oftentimes to know what they mean. For instance, a little fellow wanted to say to his father one day, "Papa, I have been in the

summer garden; Teodor was with us—will you not go?" And in his imperfect understanding of any one language, he blurted it out in this manner: "Papa, I have been in the let moi sod; Teodor's nani built; est ce que n'irer pas?" Now if there is any one in the condition of this little Russian boy, who desires to write for the reading public, his case should be looked upon with some degree of indulgence. But under no other circumstances do we think he deserves the commendation of English and American readers.

In about one half the instances that French is met with, the idea could be rendered far better by the corresponding English term. Besides, considering how few there are in this country who understand the languages of the European continent sufficiently to comprehend the meaning of foreign words at a glance, no one, who writes to inform or instruct, should every attempt to stultify his readers, by laying before them anything, except what might be said in their own vernacular.

Very much of the Frenchified English that has come under our observation, seems to have been written with no other purpose, than to exhibit the learning of the writer—to let people know that he understands French. If that be the object, give us the French by itself, and the English by itself, and not a promiscuous jumbling of the two together. Let us have the dishes separately. We strenuously object to the mixture.

We have noticed in the writings of mutes now and then a little French. And in every instance that we can recall, the Anglo-Saxon would have been infinitely more elegant, as well as purer and more intelligible. Dr. Kitto, that master of racy idiomatic English, occasionally uses a dribble of French. We recollect to have observed a French phrase or two, in reading his "Lost Senses," a short time ago, and the introduction seemed unnatural in every case. Somehow he had not got the French in the right place. It appeared to have been brought in either before or after the proper time. It made the sentences appear stiff and stilted, and out of keeping with those that preceded them. English, in richness and variety, is adequate of itself to express all the thoughts of ordinary life, and hardly anywhere is it made to appear more expressive than in the hands of Dr. Kitto. We do not think any one can read Dr. Kitto, carefully, without being impressed with the power of English unaided to convey all that is necessary and valuable according to English modes of thought.

As a French-English commixture can add nothing to perspicuity and elegance, so it adds nothing to strength. The finest things in Shakespeare—those expressions and phrases, which have become as household words wherever the English language is spoken—are not couched in mongrel English, but in pure, simple, strong mother English—in words that every child almost could understand. And the best utterances of the poets and orators of the language, are clothed in the unadorned beauties of simple Saxon. And, as applied to style, the old proverb holds good, if it holds good in any case whatever, that "heavily unadorned is adorned the most," and what is true of single instances, will apply to books in general. For those books in which the Saxon element of the language has the preponderance over the Latinized and Frenchified diction, have been found to stand best the wear and tear of ages; as witness the Spectators of Addison, the Allegories of Swift, and Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

One other thought; the English is our language; it is a grand language; we are its guardians in the present day, and if every one who speaks it, was as much interested in it as we are, we should all be as much engaged to preserve its purity and dignity, as we are in securing and perpetuating personal property; and in preserving its purity we are aiding in sustaining its dignity.

The English as spoken in this country is an elegant language yet. And it deserves to be kept such. Dr. Gallaudet is said to have related to some of his friends, that when he was in England, he was asked, where in the world he learned to speak such elegant English. "Why," said he, "I am not conscious of speaking any better English than anybody else, I speak only the language of the people around me in America—the common vernacular of New England." We of the American States speak and write English as purely and elegantly as it is spoken anywhere under the sun, though it would be rather difficult to persuade our brethren in the British Isles of the truth of this fact. It is used very purely in New England. But a pure use of it is not confined to the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. We are a Kentuckian by birth and by education, and though we confess to have very many in our State who handle the language pretty roughly, we believe there are many more, so far off from the centre of light and civilization as the backwoods of Kentucky, who use as good pure English, in speaking as well as in writing, as can be produced on the continent.

A young lady—a Bostonian—has lately come way out here to Kentucky to finish her education under one of her old teachers. One day while talking to her teacher in the presence of some of her companions, she remarked that she thought it would be a good

plan to have some of the graduates of Roxbury, and some other places up there, to come out here and correct the *brogue* of the Kentucky girls. She was right—not about the girls, but about the *brogue*. Her ear was not altogether at fault, there was a want of harmony somewhere. All she wants no doubt, is to get the Yankee *brogue* out of her own talk, and then our backwoods jargon will sound perfectly correct to her. If we demutillate English out west sometimes, one of our faults is not mixing it with French, or French with it.

C. H. T.

## For the Guide.

## The Song of the Snow.

BY MARION HOWARD HALL.

White wing'd I float from the domes of afar;  
It is silent, and solemn, and desolate there,  
And I mistily look on these regions below;  
For I am the gentle—the spirit-like snow.  
How wonderfully strange is this being called man!  
The whole is a mystery, the lower-world plan—  
Why, what is he doing, and where does he go,  
So solemnly tramping the pore, muddling snow?  
I came like an angel—they wish me no harm;  
I kissed the world's cheek, and 'twas cold as my own;  
Oh, where shall I find me a furnace, below,  
To thaw me to vapor, the exiled snow.  
I will leave them be, for the calm upper air;  
I long for the freedom of floating up there.  
Where star from the domain of man and of war,  
I'll ply these pilgrims—the white winged snow.  
'Tis so with the angels—they could not live here,  
Clothed in the spirits of sorrow and fear;  
How soon would they quit the dark realm below  
To dwell in the sky like the untroubled snow.  
Winona, Minnesota: March 1862.

## For the Guide.

## Study.

## THE PLEASURES OF STUDY.

"Nothing is so pleasant as going to school," exclaimed a little boy, as he was making a warlike expedition against the cold and a blinding storm, on his way to the distant schoolhouse. That little fellow had a truly happy heart, and was bound to be somebody in the world. In my little study-room, with plenty of books, magazines, and journals for mental enjoyment, I may as well exclaim—"Nothing is so pleasant as studying!" Studying is decidedly pleasant and useful. No source of enjoyment is so lasting or so beneficial as studying, and none is so fraught with interest for the young and old. My friends, despise not constant study, for it is that mental labor that enables you to hold pleasant intercourse with the world, and mingle in its enjoyments.

## SELF EDUCATION.

WHATEVER study or knowledge you desire to pursue or acquire, you should always make yourselves your own teachers, to a greater or less degree. If you have strength of mind enough to keep yourselves at work, and a desire to learn, you can attain success in any branch of education as well without as with the aid of a teacher; and you can, in many cases, dispense with him, and make headway just as fast alone. The teacher is not absolutely necessary. He is only an aid; he explains your lessons, and shows you how to add one and two, but he cannot make you learn. You and your books must do all the rest.

## THE PHYSICAL EFFECTS OF STUDY.

MANY persons think that mental labor shortens human life, and makes the students pale, hollow-cheeked, sunken-eyed persons (this is a great error). It is not a devotion to "midnight oil" itself that occasions this bodily affliction, but it is the neglect or violation of the common rules of health, which, in connection with hard mental toil, produces it. The physiologists say it is so; and they tell us, that if we take proper open-air exercise, and keep the exhausted energies of our minds counterbalanced by those of our bodies, we would not be subjected to insidious or fatal maladies, which so often prey upon reckless students. With this as his motto, Alexander Humboldt, who has been an indefatigable laborer, all his life, in every field of mental exertion, lived till he was eighty years old. So did many other equally famous scholars and authors. This shows that mental labor is not incompatible with health and longevity, while the body is properly exercised.

## THE CHOICE OF BOOKS AND SUBJECTS.

If you really desire to learn, all that is necessary is, a good selection of books with great care, and always with reference to a continuous course of studies, as far as learning goes, and plenty of earnest, unflinching application. You should take fully as much pains to choose worthy books, as to choose a company. They are the "windows of the soul," and what indelible impressions of impurity they leave upon the mind, when they are begrimed with filthy thoughts; and stained with gaudily colored, but sensual inspirations! Many a ruined girl traces back her first misstep to the suggestions of florid novels; and many a man on the gallows attributes his taste for murder to his awaking by chivalrous tales of blood. Be careful, then, of the character of your books. Science is noble and useful, because it has in it something of the divine. So is Natural History. These studies are regarded by every intelligent and reflecting mind as deeply interesting and practically useful.

## THE STUDY OF CHARACTER.

A CONSTANT study of human nature is also highly useful. You can hardly attain any high degree of intelligent or moral excellence

if you neglect such study. If you wish to have a good reputation, you should make it a rule to study every variety of character, that comes within your scope, until you thoroughly comprehend all of it that is comprehensible to man, and on no account let slip an opportunity to mentally analyze a "rare specimen," for the sake of displaying your own characteristics. The maxim, "the proper study of mankind is man," is a very good one; there is more meaning in it, than is generally attributed to it, and well would it be for you, if you would adopt it as your own motto all the time.

## "THE MARCH OF INTELLIGENCE."

IT seems that the progress of literature, art and science does not keep pace with the age of the world. Are men wiser and better than they have been in all of the ages past? Have the philosophers of the present day made more scientific revelations to mankind than did Newton? Are they wiser than were Socrates and Plato? Have we excelled the Parthenon or Michael Angelo? If the splendid St. Peter's Cathedral were destroyed to-day, could the combined architectural genius of the present day replace it? Where are the Shakespeares, the Miltons, the Dantes of to-day, and in poetry, what has progress brought us? Even in the short existence of our own Republic, are we wiser, better, and more moral, than were our fathers?

## MISDIRECTED STUDY.

CERTAINLY, much of the educational labor of the present day is carelessly wasted. It is true that very few scholars leave too much, but their studies are apt to be of a nature that precludes the possibility of their employment for good results. This is too bad, indeed; and just the reason why each age is not wiser and better than all the ages that preceded it. Why are "self-educated" men so capable and successful? Just because they learn what attracts them most, and employ in useful labors the years, that many waste recklessly in acquiring useless knowledge. If every student would choose the walk of life that attracts him most, and devote himself to self-perfection in his chosen profession, then a stride of progress, such as has rarely been recorded in history, will be shown to the world.

## CHAPLAIN.

[The following comes to us from an Institution in one of the Western States. It is probably the production of one of the more advanced pupils, and is certainly very creditable to him.—Ed.]

## Quills.

"The farmer raises corn, which fattens geese, which produce quills, which wrote the Declaration of Independence," was repeated by a guest, in compliment to my father, who is a farmer. I guess that this was originally offered in the form of a toast at a public dinner, probably given and partaken of by the tillers of the soil. In imitation of the clergyman who selects a text and sometimes treats of a particular word therein through his whole sermon, I have selected this toast for my text, and the word "Quills" to be the subject of my Essay.

Which is the most powerful, the pen or the sword? When a boy I was not a little impressed with interest and admiration by a picture—a man piercing with a quill the body of his antagonist whose hand grasped a sword.—The pen is the mightier!

The pen and sword seem to have been perpetual companions, one following the other ever since the time of their being brought into existence. Like the wood-man's axe, which must go first over the dense forest and then the ploughshare can follow, so the blood-thirsty sword seems to lead civilization, and prepare the way for the pen to carry the torch which emits the light of knowledge, and scatters sparks of learning, destroying the giants of ignorance and darkness on which they fall. Like the water which turns differently into ice, snow, or vapor, so the productions of the pen are not always of the same quality. Sometimes it does good, sometimes evil, and at other times does nothing but perpetrate folly and mischief. A sacred pen wrote the Bible. A just pen wrote the ten commandments. We survey with admiration the great Astor Library and those of Philadelphia and London, and listen to the groaning of the shelves under the burden of innumerable volumes in the bookseller's store. Pause, reader, what is the originator of all those books which overflow the enlightened world? It is the Pen! On this side of the Atlantic the sword declared the superiority of the Pen, and the inferiority of the tomahawk shrouded in ignorance. When Capt. John Smith was a captive among the Indians, they were astonished and puzzled to find that some articles the captive's "speaking instrument" had sent for to the settlement by some Indians, came to the Chieftain without any mistake. Seeing this apparent miracle, the Savages dreaded the sword in the hand of the white man, whose other hand grasped a Quill. In vain our forefathers tried to resist the British Royal Pen, for it sent forth oppressive acts over the 3,000 miles wide ocean. That pen had commenced to be a great burden to the heroes of the Revolution, with a calm but terrible and decisive voice appeared the Jefferson pen which produced a document declaring "Independence was their right." Meanwhile the American Quill

was not idle, but was busily pointing out this and that unjust law; and after a deaf ear was turned to the complaints of the settlers from the British Throne, it poured out, as it were, a torrent of ink pregnant with wild excitement, terrible earnestness and firm determination, changing in its course scythes into swords and bayonets, iron bars into muskets, and quiet farmers into soldiers! All this was the work of two pens! At last a peace-making pen put an end to the sufferings of America, by writing the signatures under the acknowledgment of our Independence. The invention of the press did not lessen the use of the pen, but it has since governed the press. It gathers the vapor of news, literature and knowledge, for the fleecy clouds of books, magazines, and newspapers.

JUNUS.

THE AGE OF MACHINERY.—We doubt if this age differs from all the other ages in any one particular so much as in being the age of machinery. In the past civilizations, much as they accomplished, excelling us in many particulars, machinery did not come into general use, or it was of the simplest character. At the highest point of Egyptian civilization wheat was ground by women in a hand-mill made of two stones; or at best, by larger stones turned by oxen. The fine linen of Egypt was spun from a hand distaff, and woven in a loom of the simplest description. Thousands of men were employed in works which would now be done almost entirely by machinery.

Now machinery does a large proportion of all our work, and is every day coming into wider use. Machines make almost everything, and machines make machines. If we travel the steam engine propels us. Our food is prepared by complex machinery. Our clothing is spun, woven, and sewed by machines. Machines knit our stockings, and do the largest part of the work in making our shoes. The pin that fastens our garments is completely made, headed, pointed, and polished, by a series of machines. The hook and eye are made from red wire by a machine, which seems to possess human intelligence.

Unless our readers are very considerate, they scarcely know how much they are indebted to machinery. The paper you hold in your hand has come through a long series of machinery. It has passed through the cotton-gin—a very simple, but most important invention; few have done more for modern civilization. It has been squeezed in the cotton press. It has been carded, spun, woven, worn to rags; then washed, picked in pieces, bleached, ground to pulp, squeezed through rollers, and finally comes out an endless sheet of white paper. The linen and hempen portions have passed through their peculiar processes. Then come type-making machines, and printing machines, and, with some little brain labor, which cannot be done by machinery, you have your GUIDE.

OUR AGRICULTURAL CLER.—To our many farm friends, who will see the column of matter adapted to their peculiar wants, I am the pen of our valued and reliable contributor J. R. B., which we have hitherto given them on this page, we would state that, after waiting for it till the latest possible moment, we are compelled to send the outside of our paper to press without it; but hope to receive it in time for a place in the inside.

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